

THE  
Johnson Journal

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December, 1934

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**TOM GILLESPIE**

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**The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.**

No. 1

|                            |   |   |   |   |   |   |                       |
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## EDITOR'S PAGE



## WHY STUDY?

We all realize that high schools were established in our country's extensive school system to build up finer citizens to uphold the high standards of our country. Our system of schools is one of the best in the world, if not the best. A wide variety of courses is presented to fit us to attack the hardships of life and to serve our country honorably. Learning, however, is not accomplished by merely being present in school.

Most students tend to fall into two classes: those who seriously assign part of their time to conscientious studying, and those who spend very little or no time in pursuit of knowledge.

The chief attitude of the latter group seems to be that they want to have fun in their school life and not be burdened with books. Many of them look forward to the enjoyment in sports and in events of the social calendar. The fact remains, they are in school for five hours a day under only the pretense of studying. Any enjoyment gained from other activities is sure to be offset by the boredom which results from lack of interest in studies. With nothing for the mind to center upon, the day becomes long, dreary, and uninteresting.

To the student who faithfully devotes part of his time to studying, the day is altogether different. He takes an active part in the class discussion. He finds an interest in his work and really sees added enjoyment upon the completion of an as-

signed task. He does not allow his mind to wander idly. He is able to enjoy thoroughly sports and other activities. At the end of the day a feeling of contentment prevails in his mind. To him the day has been a day of joy.

Let us get the most we can from our school life. Opportunity does not linger and the wise make use of it when it comes. Need one ask, why study?

Thomas Ceplikas '35

## FRESHMEN!

Come on, Freshmen! Get into the midst of things! We upper classmen know that your position here in school is belittled some, and that you are probably not appreciated as much as you would like to be, but cheer up. We went through it too and look at the results! In the meantime do not be just an on-looker. Have your share of the say in matters.

You say you haven't the opportunity? Well, listen to me.

The time is any convenient time for you, the sooner the better, and the place is the *Johnson Journal*. Any contributions will be welcomed with open arms. If you have any artistic talents show them to us. Short stories or poems will certainly be appreciated.

You have none of these talents? Then buy the *Johnson Journal*! You see, there is the opportunity for contributions from everyone.

Let us get started and begin the year in the right way. Remember this; the *Johnson Journal* is the

school journal and not just for the seniors! The material comes from all classes. Remember that this is your school just as much as it is anyone else's, and the *Johnson Journal* represents the school. So

get right down to business. Make the *Journal* better than any other. We depend on you to help us make this paper better than it has ever been before. Begin right now!

Phyllis Culpon '35



## LITERARY



### HE STOOPS TO CONQUER

Jerry dropped his pick into the gravel pile and picked up his dinner pail as the noon whistle sounded. Now for five weeks he had been working with the Ford Construction Company. He was a lanky, muscular lad of twenty, and due to his general pleasing manner, he quickly gained respect from his fellow workers. The foreman had already advanced him to a second-hand. His easy gait and well-cut manner suggested a well-bred personage, that made him stand out from the other rough and simple laborers. Jerry had quickly accustomed himself to these new surroundings. Previously he had been living in a mansion with unlimited luxury. But due to his frivolous customs, his father had dismissed him from the household, penniless into the world on his own. So, many troubling thoughts vexed him as he sat under a spreading shade tree for lunch.

"Hello, Kid," greeted Pete Hannagan, the foreman, who was a fiery Irishman and reputed to be one of the best construction bosses in the game. "How are you feeling?"

"Oh, fine," grinned Jerry as he glanced at his sore and swollen muscles.

"Well, you better drive your gang tomorrow, for the old man is coming to size up the job."

"You mean Jim Ford, the big shot of the company?" inquired Jerry with a startled voice.

"Why, sure," answered Pete.

"Well," Jim nervously gasped, "I, well, I—er—was going to ask you for a day off for tomorrow, you see my aunt—er—she's very sick, she—er—died."

"Yes, I guess that can be arranged," remarked Pete in a puzzled tone. "Although I wish you could meet Ford; he's a great guy."

Two days later, Jerry was back to work early in the morning. While walking in the grounds, Hannagan approached with a worried frown.

"Jerry, I'll be called away to New York today to make a report at the directors' meeting. The dynamite has arrived for blasting the tough spot over in the northeast corner. It must be done today as work is already lagging. Do you think you can take my place today?"

"I think so," replied Jerry, swelling with pride over his boss's trust in him.

"Also a report must be sent in on the velocity of concussion and pres-



sure exerted on each blast," added Pete.

"I believe I understand enough physics to manage it," assured Jerry.

"Then good luck," shot back Pete as he gave final instructions and hastened away to make the 8:15.

Jerry was skillfully managing the job, with a handful of figured reports, as the blasting had been under way an hour.

"What say, Tony, ready for five and six?" inquired Jerry of the fuse torcher.

"I dunno, Jerra, number four she look plenta bad."

"Yes, you're right, Tony," spoke Jerry after a critical inspection. "I think we'd better give it another blast. Hey Joe, put a two-minute fuse on this one, that's all we have left over."

"That damn grissly fool Ford ought to know better to operate on such rocky area," cursed Joe.

"Shut up and get to work," ordered Jerry angrily, assuming an authoritative air. "And make it snappy, Tony, only a two-minute fuse," warned Jerry.

"I getchuh," assured Tony.

Seasoned at such work, Tony nonchalantly lit the fuse and prepared to make a hasty retreat. But as he took a few long strides, his foot tripped over a loose rock and he stumbled heavily to the ground. As he attempted to rise, he grasped his ankle and his face writhed in agony. Once more he dropped to the ground. Sensing the immediate danger, Jerry instantly dropped his equipment and dashed to the aid of Tony, who was over a hundred yards away. Arriving to find him in a helpless condition, Jerry instantly seized the heavier victim in his

sinewy arms and with great effort slung him on his shoulder. He staggered as he ran, in a zealous attempt to beat the glowing fuse. Now he almost stumbled; his breath grew short under the heavy burden, in a race against death. Suddenly a tremendous explosion sounded behind him, and the ground beneath quivered a pealing echo. But perhaps he was out of the danger zone. Then a sudden pain grew in his head and everything went black.

Jerry awoke in an immaculate white room, lying on a cot with his head wrapped in bandages. His leg felt stiff and a pang of pain shot through it as he made a hasty endeavour to rise. Then it all came back to him and he relaxed into the soft pillows. Just then the door opened and a nurse tiptoed in, followed by beaming Pete Hannagan.

"Hello, kid," greeted Pete, "are you dead?"

"Not yet," returned Jerry. "How's Tony?"

"He came through with just a broken ankle."

After the general discourse had passed, Pete produced a paper and said, "Congratulations, Jerry, you made the grade. Due to your commendable bravery and accurate reports sent in, the board has voted to promote you to assistant managing director of the Ford Construction Company. Just sign this contract."

Jerry looked dumfounded. The element of joy was so great within him that he felt like jumping out of the bed. A look of immense happiness spread on his face. He eagerly affixed his signature to the document. Then he drew Pete close and whispered in his ear.

"What," inquired Pete amazed, "on the level?"

"Sure, of course," answered Jerry.

"Well, you can floor me!" gasped Pete and a minute later doubled up with laughter.

Jerry recovered quickly and a month later he was discharged from the hospital. His first visit was to a fashionable office building in the heart of New York. The marble stairs led into a long hallway, flanked by rows of office doors. Jerry stopped before a frosted panel marked James H. Ford, Managing Director, Ford Construction Company. He looked dubiously at it. Then with a final tie adjustment and a brushing back of hair, he slowly turned the knob. As the door opened, he rushed in, slapped an amazed elderly gentleman on the back and fairly shouted, "Hello, dad, old chump, meet your new assistant."

Vincent Miller '35

### LOST IN THE WOODS

Could anything be more delightful than to be lost in the woods for a few moments in the early autumn season? There in the quietness and calmness of the afternoon one may see a beautiful picture painted by Mother Nature's own hand.

The trees have donned their gowns of many colors from delicate yellow to orange, brown, and rust.

A little brook in the middle of the woods with green velvet moss growing near it is merrily flowing on its joyful journey to see the wonders of the earth.

The birds are singing their best autumn songs for they will not sing again for another season.

The woodland animals make their appearance once in a while. A rab-

bit darts across the path with hurried movement and quick action as if bewildered to see a person lost in the woods.

A more delightful sight is that of the squirrel who is doing his daily task of gathering nuts for his use during the winter. He does not believe in loafing and wasting his time and soon goes scurrying up a large nut tree a distance further along the path.

Large red berries make their display of quaintness to the passerby and are in their glory.

Suddenly along the edge of the woods is seen a pond. The sun is bidding good afternoon to the woods and its inhabitants. As it sinks behind the trees a sunset reflects its beauty from the sky into the mirror-like surface of the pond and the effect is surprising and pleasing.

A road leading through the woods brings the person on the right track. She is no longer lost in the woods but lost in the beauty and wonders of the scenes previously seen.

Evelyn Sauvageot '37

### CONFESSIONS OF A BLUFFER

I am a Bluffer. A person known to all in this institution. Mine is an art which can be carried on successfully by few and so I have become a personage. I am secretly admired by all, not because of my smartness but because of my ability to make people think I am smart.

Many times have I sat in a study room and seen the admiring eyes cast upon me, while hidden in my textbook is a spicy novel. The teacher glancing over the room would point me out as an honor pupil. Hence my A in deportment.

When I go to an unprepared class I do not try to slide down in my chair and remain unnoticed. Not



I. I am the Bluffer. I sit up with an intelligent look on my face and so convince the teacher I have mastered my lesson. When questions are in progress my hand is waving in the air but when called on I am slightly taken back.

During a test I manage to sit next to a fellow pupil who writes with a good dark hand.

When asked to translate in a foreign language class I make a brilliant showing. My older brother very considerably took this same language for three years.

I have a wonderful vocabulary of words I don't know the meanings of.

Thus I manage to get through four years of school without gaining any knowledge and go happily on my way.

Rita Rand '36

### THE FIRST LESSON

At last the morning rays of the sun dawned upon this eventful day. It was not until after a session of school that today promised to be more than usually dreary, that I was to take my first lesson in driving a car. The nerve racking hours in school passed slowly. The instructors took on the form of big bees droning incessantly about this and that and nothing in particular. The asinine antics of my fellow students from which I had gained many a hearty laugh, I viewed today with disgust. It was with fervent thanks that I greeted the bell that finally released me from this madhouse which is spoken of in polite speech as a seat of education.

Yea, verily! I don't believe that even that stellar sprinter, Charles Paddock, could have beaten me this now glorious day.

On reaching the home of the person who was to instruct me, I be-

held the ancient but honorable vehicle of the vintage of '24 in which an epochal event was to take place. My instructor, being a wise man, drove the animated percolator to the seldom used old state highway. There he resigned the wheel and himself to my eager hands. What joy, what happiness filled my heart when this huge gasoline eating dinosaur leapt forward under my own control! What gloom, what misery, when after a short run of about fifty feet it wheezed, sputtered, and stopped dead.

Thus the afternoon passed. Slowly but surely I gained knowledge of the different things to be done to start and to keep going a motor vehicle. Now, I was driving proudly homeward and at that moment was approaching an important intersection. Seeing a huge new car approaching at a rate of speed only slightly below that of an airplane in flight, I very considerably, for myself as well as for the oncoming car, stalled the motor exactly in the center of the intersection. Seeing that there was no chance to start soon enough, the owner of the antiquated hack and I jumped through the window without bothering to lower the glass. A second later a resounding crash made itself felt on my tympanum.

\* \* \*

A week later the chief of police entered, not my cell, but my room in the hospital and placed in my hand a certified check for five hundred dollars for having, at the risk of life and limb, captured three desperate bank robbers. As I looked at the valuable piece of paper I decided that truly "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

Raymond Gosda '35



## HIDDEN TREASURE?

My walk one day took me over a lonely, country road where there is an old, deserted house. No one has lived there for many years and it is in a tumbled down condition, but it holds for me rather a fascination. I was just considering peering in the broken windows when I heard sounds of an approaching machine.

The house is in a lonely spot. Instinctively I jumped into the bushes, thinking that I would hide until the machine had gone by. What was my surprise to see the car stop right in front of the old house!

Three men alighted and walked toward the building, one of them carrying a heavy iron crowbar. They were rough in appearance.

My first impulse was to try to slink away through the bushes and run home as fast as I could, but my curiosity got the better of me. Fascinated, I watched the three men walk up to the heavy stone doorstep and begin to pry and tug at it with all their strength. After some struggling they moved it aside and one of them took a bundle from underneath the steps. Then they replaced the step and, with many a furtive glance, hastened back to the car and drove away.

I sat there for a moment, astonished at what I had seen and all the way home I puzzled over it. Who were the men? What was in the bundle; and why was it hidden under the step?

Caroline Barker '37

CHAT



TER

## CLASS ELECTIONS

The annual elections resulted as follows: Senior Class—President, Arthur Olsen; Vice-President, Leonard Windle; Secretary, Phyllis Culpon; Treasurer, Helen McCarthy.

Junior Class—President, Anthony Kapeika; Vice-President, Kenneth Dobson; Secretary-Treasurer, Claire Carroll.

Sophomore Class — President, Ernest Roberts; Vice-President, William Roberts; Secretary-Treasurer, Edna Cassidy.

Freshman Class—President, Thomas Sullivan; Vice-President,

Herbert Barwell; Secretary, Francis Campbell; Treasurer, Hazel Blanch.

## GOOD WORK

Gerald Curran! We, the students of Johnson High School, congratulate you for the splendid work you have done in assisting Miss Chapman in teaching chemistry, science, and physics.

## MOVING PICTURES!

Junior history classes have moving pictures in class on the average of every other week. Lucky dogs.

### SENIOR-FRESHMAN PARTY

The evening of November 1 found blushing girls and bashful boys of the Freshman and Senior classes, entering Stevens Hall for the annual Senior-Freshman Party.

There were few or no wall-flowers, and many badly damaged shoes. Everyone had an enjoyable evening and all are impatiently waiting for the Freshmen to return the party.

### TRYOUTS FOR REPORTERS

In trying out for the class reporters some of the students interviewed the members of the faculty who had taken recent trips.

They interviewed Miss Edith Pierce who took a trip around the world, starting February 22, 1934; Miss Glenna Kelly, Miss Veva and Clara Chapman who took a trip through the western states.

The interviews proved interesting to the students and were an entertainment rather than an assignment.

### DANCING CLASSES

Tuesday and Thursday finds enthusiastic students trooping into the hall, some a little backward to be sure, but on the whole very much excited, for at last the day has finished and they are going to learn how to dance.

The band booms to announce the beginning. The leader, Leroy Duncan, waves his magic wand vivaciously. The dance has begun.

### STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council has again resumed its weekly meetings. The officers elected for this year are as follows: President, Arthur Olsen; Vice-President, Arthur Payne; Secretary-Treasurer, Mary Roche.



## ATHLETICS



### BOYS' SPORTS

On September 22, 1934, Johnson High opened its grid season against Manchester Central, one of the leading teams in New Hampshire. The upper-state eleven proved too powerful for Johnson and thrashed out a 30-0 win.

September 29, Johnson battled Danvers in a sea of mud. The Danvers boys finally emerged victorious by a 12-0 margin. Camire starred for Johnson.

On Columbus Day, October 12, Johnson met Methuen in their annual clash. For three quarters, Johnson held the edge over their rivals. But in the last period Me-

thuen unleashed an aerial attack that netted two touchdowns, the winning points. Chadwick and Sullivan played well for Johnson.

Johnson encountered Reading, October 20, and a hard battle ensued. Reading scored early in the first half and held the lead to win 6-0. Captain Coppeta featured for Johnson with several long runs.

With a new life, Johnson opened its home season against Brooks School, October 24, at Grogan's Field. In the early stages of the game Johnson promptly worked the ball down the field and Camire plunged through for the first score of the season. Later in the game



Johnson tallied again when Duncan broke through to block a kick which Martin recovered behind the goal line. Brooks scored late in the game by a series of passes. The final score: Johnson 12, Brooks 6.

On October 27, Johnson outplayed Chelmsford to annex another victory, 13-6. Coppeta, who accounted for both touchdowns, and W. Roberts starred in the backfield for Johnson, with the line playing its usual good game.

Johnson High defeated Pinkerton Academy 14-13, November 3, at Grogan's Field. Johnson sent Coppeta and W. Roberts across for tallies in the first half with Kasheta and W. Roberts converting the points. Pinkerton, however, came back strongly and just fell short of tying our team.

On November 10, Johnson continued its winning ways by whipping Woodbury at Grogan's Field, to the tune of 19-0. By virtue of a fumble Johnson recovered the ball early in the game, deep in Woodbury's territory, and Coppeta clashed through for the first score. The other two touchdowns came through the air-route, Coppeta and McCarty each grabbing a pass to score. Evangelos

added the extra point by rushing.

Johnson journeyed to Ipswich November 17, to play a scrappy Manning High team. Several of the Johnson stars were injured in the first few minutes of play causing their removal. Manning won 32-0.

#### SUMMARY

|         |    |              |     |
|---------|----|--------------|-----|
| Johnson | 0  | Man. Central | 30  |
| Johnson | 0  | Danvers      | 12  |
| Johnson | 0  | Methuen      | 12  |
| Johnson | 0  | Reading      | 6   |
| Johnson | 13 | Brooks       | 6   |
| Johnson | 13 | Chelmsford   | 6   |
| Johnson | 14 | Pinkerton    | 13  |
| Johnson | 19 | Woodbury     | 0   |
| Johnson | 0  | Manning      | 32  |
| Johnson | 0  | Punchard     | 23  |
| <hr/>   |    |              |     |
| Johnson | 59 | Opponents    | 140 |

#### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

There are approximately forty-four girls out for basketball this year. Out of the forty-four, there are only four of last year's players. They are: Sylvia Broderick, Elizabeth McRobbie, Margaret McRobbie, and Corrine Lewis.

There are twelve freshmen, twenty-one sophomores, ten juniors, and two seniors.



## ALUMNI NOTES



#### CLASS OF 1934

Marjorie Andrews—School of Practical Arts  
 Juliette Auger—At home  
 Frances Bamford—At home  
 Thomas Barnes—At home  
 Virginia Bixby—McIntosh Commercial School  
 Emile Boulanger—Post-graduate at Johnson

Kenneth Brousseau—Working  
 Herman Cass—Post-graduate at Johnson  
 James Casserly—Working  
 Helen Clarenbach—Mt. Holyoke College  
 Frances Connelly—Working  
 Rita Coppinger—At home  
 Vincent Costello—At home



Frances Cronin—Post-graduate at  
Johnson

Martha Curley—At home

Doris Daly—Working

Arthur Darveau—Post-graduate at  
Johnson

Helen Davis—At home

Francis DeNault—Working

Dorothy Dill—Post-graduate at  
Johnson

Blanche Downing—Post-graduate at  
Johnson

Virginia Drew—At home

William Drummond—Lowell Tex-  
tile School

Vernice Dufton—At home

Rita Enaire—Post-graduate at  
Johnson

Philip Evangelos—At home

Isabelle Fenton—Post-graduate at  
Johnson

Eleanor Fitzgerald—Working

Kathryn Glidden—At home

William Graham—Massachusetts  
State College

Philip Hickingbotham—Post-gradu-  
ate at Johnson

Albert Himber—At home

William Hodge—At home

George Holdsworth—Working

Priscilla Holt—Essex Agricultural  
School

Francis Howard—Working

Mary Hulub—Working

Marion Jackson—At home

John Kennedy—University of Ver-  
mont

Helen Koroskys—At home

Patience Kruschwitz—Essex Agri-  
cultural School

Claire Lebel—Working

Margaret Martin—At home

Joseph Martin—Working

Rita Mary Massey—Working

Catherine May—Working

Arlene McEvoy—Post-graduate at  
Johnson

Arlene McCormack — Post-graduate  
at Johnson

Teresa McLay—Post-graduate at  
Johnson

William Morton—Post-graduate at  
Johnson

Henry Narushof—At home

Beatrice Nelson—At home

Rita Noone—Working

Beatrice Pendlebury—Working

Mary Perry—Burdett Commercial  
School

Marguerite Phelan—Radcliffe

Arthur Phillips—M. I. T.

Alexander Pickles—At home

John Pillion—Villanova

Ellen Riley—Working

Eleanor Roche—Lawrence Com-  
mercial School

Alice Roy—At home

John Roy—At home

Lewis Sanderson—Burdett Commer-  
cial School

Samuel Silverstein—At home

Margaret Smith—Essex Agricultural  
School

Florence Syddall—At home

Charles Thurlow—At home

Angelina Vernile—At home

Helen Walker—Framingham Nor-  
mal School

Eugene Walsh—Post-graduate at  
Johnson

Edward Welch—Working

Thomas Wood—Working

#### CLASS OF 1933

Jean Barker—Jackson College

Gertrude Currier—Jackson College

Ethel Jacobs—St. John's Hospital  
Training School

Frank Johnson—Suffolk Law School

John Phelan—Harvard

#### CLASS OF 1932

Daniel Balavich—Amherst College

George Busby—Worcester Poly-  
technic Institute

John McEvoy—Tufts College

Joan Russell—Colby Junior College

#### CLASS OF 1931

James McClung—Tufts College

Catherine Phelan—Salem Normal

Gilbert Smith—William and Mary College

Albert Edward Moran is at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute where he is working in the Chemistry Department with the class of 1935. He is a member of the Friars, Treasurer of the Newman Club, Captain of the Track and Cross-country Team, and last term he was exempt from the finals in Elements of Electrical Engineering.

George W. Busby, Jr., graduated from Johnson in 1932, is a junior in the Chemistry Department of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. Last semester he won third honors. He holds an Alzirus Brown scholarship for this year.

Robert M. Gagne, who is in the class of 1937 at Yale University, has been awarded a B Grade tuition scholarship of \$450 for the current academic year.



## EXCHANGES



G. Butterfield: Extra! Extra! Have you seen the current edition of *The Beacon*?

P. Culpon (who had taken fifteen minutes from her last study period to read it): Yes, isn't it well organized? And I think the *Johnson Journal* might take a tip from them and include some of their class cheers.

G. Butterfield: The poetry was catchy, too, but I think the humor column was conspicuous by its absence.

E. Eldridge: That can never be said of *The Blue and White*, Methuen's masterpiece. Their spicy jokes kept me laughing half the day. The football write-ups are commendable too. In fact, the whole paper is to be complimented.

J. Budnick (joining the group and

wildly waving *The Little Red Schoolhouse*): Do you girls want food for thought? Just read this promising Junior's editorial on *Life*. He has it all figured out.

P. Culpon: I did. They must have a lively bunch of reporters too, judging from the quality and pep shown in their front page articles.

E. Eldridge: Well, girls—and boys (she added an afterthought) I've decided right now where I'm going to college.

Group: Where?

E. Eldridge: Mass. State. After reading their paper, *The Mass Collegian*, I can't resist it.

P. Culpon: I wish some of our Johnsonites could read their appeal for school spirit.





## GRINS



Miss Green: "What do you think of those old Greek and Roman sculptors?"

K. Gage: "They're no good; every one of them was a chiseler."

After terrific struggles, the freshman finally finished his examination paper and at the end, wrote:

"Dear Teacher: If you sell any of my answers to the funny papers, I expect you to split 50-50 with me."

Miss Pierce: "Is this right. 'I went home?'"

Tom McKiernan: "No."

Miss Pierce: "What's wrong with it?"

Tom: "You aint went yet."

Customer: "How da you sell this Limburger?"

Grocer: "I often wonder myself, ma'am."

Werenchuck: "So you had dinner with your new girl last night. What's she like?"

Dobson: "Everything on the menu."

Cassidy: "I tell you it was that long. I never saw such a fish."

Towne: "I believe you."

Boss: "Rastus, did you go to your lodge meeting last night?"

Rastus: "No, sah. We dun have to postpone it."

Boss: "How was that?"

Rastus: "The Grand, All-Powerful, Invincible, Most Supreme, Unconquerable Potentate dun got beat up by his wife."

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# NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



## Day Division

### SCHOOL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement, and including selected occupational courses. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment. The vocational options are in such fields as: Accounting, Advertising, Industrial Chemistry, Teaching, Factory Administration, Salesmanship, Surveying and Topography, Physical Education, Industrial Relations, Business Practice, Drafting and Technical Drawing.

### SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in ACCOUNTING, BANKING AND FINANCE, or BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. Instruction is through modern methods including lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, professional talks by business executives, and motion pictures of manufacturing processes.

### SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

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